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# T O - D A Y .

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AND ON  
THE CARS.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS

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and others, whose names are, at their request, withheld.

## PEGGY BLIGH'S VOYAGE.

You can ride in an hour or two, if you will,  
From Halibut Point to Beacon Hill.  
With the sea beside you all the way,  
Through the pleasant places that skirt the Bay;  
By Gloucester Harbor and Beverly Beach,  
Salem Witch-haunted, Nahant's long reach,  
Blue-bordered Swampscott, and Chelsea's wide  
Marshes, laid bare to the drenching tide,  
With a glimpse of Saugus spire in the west,  
And Malden hills wrapped in hazy rest.

All this you watch idly, and more by far,  
From the cushioned seat of a railway-car.  
But in days of witchcraft it was not so;  
City-bound travellers had to go  
Horseback over a blind, rough road.  
Or as part of a jolting wagon-load  
Of garden-produce and household goods,  
Crossing the fords, half-lost in the woods,  
By wolves and red-skins frightened all day,  
And the roar of lions, some histories say.  
If a craft for Boston were setting sail,  
Very few of a passage would fail  
Who had trading to do in the three-hilled town;  
For they *might* return ere the sun was down.

So, one breezy midsummer dawn,  
Skipper Nash, of the schooner Fawn,  
Sails away with a crowded deck.—  
One of his passengers cranes her neck  
Out of her scarlet cloak,—an eye  
Like a smouldering coal had Peggy Bligh,—  
And looks at her townsmen, looks at the sea,  
At the crew and the skipper; what can it be  
That hinders their flinging her bold glance back?  
Many a goodwife hath eye as black,  
And a cloak as scarlet. Ay, but she,  
Nobody covets her company.  
Nobody meets that strange eye of hers  
But a nameless terror within him stirs:  
Was the glance for him or his neighbor? which?  
'Tis an evil eye,—it will curse and bewitch.

Afraid to be silent, afraid to speak,  
The crew and the skipper, with half-foats weak  
Looked up dismayed when aboard she came;

And the voyagers whispered around her name,  
And gazed askance, as apart she stood,  
Eying them, under her scarlet hood.

A fair wind wafted them down the Bay;  
Ere noon, by the Boston wharves they lay.  
"We shall sail at three!" the skipper cried;  
Save Peggy, each was aware that he lied,  
For from lip to ear had been passed a word  
Which only speaker and listener heard;—  
That he meant to give the old witch the slip  
By an hour or so, on the homeward trip.

Errands all finished, and anchor weighed,  
Out of the harbor her way she made,—  
The schooner Fawn. But who hasteneth  
Down to the water-side, out of breath,—  
Angrily stamps with her high-heeled shoe,—  
Audibly curses the skipper and crew,  
Flutters her cloak, and flames with her eye?—  
Who but the witch-woman, old Peg Bligh?

"We'll give her the go-by!" says skipper Nash,  
And laughs at his schooner's scurry and dash;  
But here and there one muttered, "He's rash?"  
"As good right has Peggy," said one or two,  
"To a homeward passage as I or you;  
"For what has the poor old beldam done  
"That any man could lay finger on,  
"Save living alone in a tumble-down hut,  
"And speaking her mind when she chose to? But—"  
A monstrous gull bore down on the blast;  
Once it poised on the schooner's mast;  
Once it flapped in the skipper's face;  
Scarcely it veered for a moment's space  
From the prow's white track in the seething brine;  
Its sharp eye gleamed with a steel-cold shine,  
And one of the sailors averred that he saw  
A red strip dangle from beak and claw:  
And all the voyagers stared with fear  
To see the wild creature a-swoop so near.

They had hove in sight of Salem town  
When a fog came up, and the breeze went down:  
They could almost hear the farm-folk speak,  
And smell the magnolias at Jeffrey's Creek:  
Abreast of the Half-way Rock once more,  
With the Misery Islands just off shore,  
The gull gave a shriek, and flew out of sight,  
And—there they lay in the fog all night.

They dared not stir until morn was red,  
And the sky showed a blue streak overhead.  
Then glad on the clear wave sped the Fawn  
Homeward again through a breezy dawn,  
And the skipper shouted, "The vessel arrives  
In season for breakfast with your wives!"

But some one else has arrived before,  
Who is that, by the hut on the shore,  
Milking her cow with indifferent mien,  
As if no schooner were yet to be seen?  
By the side-glance out of her small black eye,  
It must be—surely it is—Peg Bligh!

How she got there no mortal could tell,  
But crew and passengers knew right well  
That she had not set foot upon deck or hull.  
"Nor the mast?" About that you might ask the gull.



Well, the story goes on to say  
That skipper Nash always rued the day  
When he left old Peg on the wharf behind,  
With her shrill cry drifting along the wind.  
For he lost his schooner, his children died,  
And his wife; and his cattle and sheep beside;  
And his old age found him alone, forlorn,  
Wishing, no doubt, he had never been born.

What Peggy Bligh had to do with his case  
Can scarcely be shown, at this day and place.  
Had his fate been the consequence of her curse,  
As the neighbors thought, he had fared no worse.  
But this moral 's a good one for all to mind:—  
His own heart is the curse of a man unkind.

### T O - D A Y

Our paper is offered to the public, and a word is due to those kindly souls who take it in and vouchsafe to it a sympathetic reception. That word shall be said, for it craves all your kindness and charity.

It is devoted to the Fair. When we have said this we have said all. Indeed we tremble at saying so much. For this word "fair" is a much abused and long suffering word, and, ten to one, we shall be suspected of some hidden meaning. We may as well announce, therefore, at the outset, that no liberty with the word will be permitted in these columns. It will be idle to write us asking if a Raffle is a fair proceeding,—whether it does not savor too much of the Faro-table,—or beginning with "How fares it with you?", or closing with "farewell" in italics, or to say that Faraday could not have asked for pleasanter weather,—or that this paper should have been called "The Pharisee,"—or that the ladies at such a table recall to the writer's mind an old song beginning "Those Fairy Bell(e)s,"—or that the fascinating being who was named head of such and such a committee is really ahead of all the fair,—or that the ices sold in the refreshment room are not wholly farinaceous,—or complaining that pay was asked for one, when you thought you had paid your fare at the door,—or to say that you let fall the gallicism, "*laissez faire*" within ear-shot of a certain young person who instantly became all smiles and blushes under the impression that you intended a compliment. All such far-fetched joking is mere farrago. We can have none of it. We have no room for fanfaronnade. We may go farther and fare worse, but we cannot and will not notice such communications.

No! our hope is to make as good an exhibit, in four or five daily issues of this little paper, of the skill and taste of the county in the use of the pen, as yonder tables do of skill and taste with the needle. Succeeding in this we shall make of it a kind of sampler, or patchwork of the wit and wisdom of old Essex. It will present every variety of material, and all shades of color, from grave to gay—from lively to severe.

We speak with a diffidence, characteristic of the press, of our anticipations of success. But we should wrong ourselves, through an unbecoming bashfulness, if we did not say that we have secured, at great cost, the services of the Champion Clippist of America, who will conduct the piratical department of this journal without interference. He will neither give credit nor take any. His motto will be, "If any man attempts to say a good thing, clip him

on the spot." If we dared be merry on so grave a topic we might hope that this enterprising gentleman would pick up the mantle of the late Emperor of France and give a new start to the business of Scissorism.

Besides the regular daily issues of this sheet, which will be for sale at the Fair, and at Loring's two Book-stores in Boston every morning, and on the cars, we shall offer for sale a somewhat amusing account of the early discovery of Salem. In this *morceau* illustrations will not be wanting to delight the eye, instruct the understanding, and gave an upward turn to the corners of the mouth. For those silly wits to whom nothing is laughable but silhouettes, silhouettes are provided. There are other blockheads so wooden that they can only be reached with cuts, and wood-cuts they shall have.

Such, briefly, is our little enterprise in its length, breadth and entirety. We wish everybody well. We hope everybody will smile on us and be pleased to see us. We print above a list of contemporary writers, who will no doubt be chiefly known hereafter, as contributors to this sheet. We thank them for their favors, one and all, and hope this enduring fame (it is all we have to offer) may be a solace and a compensation. Against their names embalmed in our pages, the antiquary of the future, delving into the musty rubbish of a long forgotten epoch, will gladly write this sufficient record:

### FLOURISHED

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY  
AND WROTE FOR TODAY.

### BITTER-SWEET ROCKS.

THERE is no spot so lonely, rough, and wild,  
But Nature doth, with careful fingers deck  
With flowers, or vines, or ferns, or soft green moss,  
To give to those, who to such haunts may stray,  
A sweet surprise, a pleasure all their own.  
To such a spot, an unfrequented dell,  
When Autumn comes, some warm October day,  
I love to wander, and in silence muse.  
O'er rocky hills, where cattle roam and feed,  
Cropping the meadows and the pastures green,  
My way I take; pausing at times to view  
The city's spires, or ocean's blue expanse;  
Then down the narrow glen, shady and still,  
Save when some startled bird has taken to flight,  
Or cricket's song amid the grass is heard.  
Here from the cliff above vast rocks have fallen,  
Thrown down by some convulsion, or by frost:  
And at its base are in confusion heaped.  
But not neglected doth this ruin lie,  
For here a beauteous show hath Nature wrought  
For those, who to this lonely spot have come.  
Among these broken rocks the bitter-sweet  
Has taken root, and clasped the fragments round  
In close embrace, covering the mossy rocks  
With leafy screen; where clustering bunches hang,  
Of purest gold. And, sight most beautiful!  
As Nature sought yet more to charm the eye,  
Up to the very top of a high tree,  
Which, rooted, grows amid the fallen crags,  
A vine has clomb; and every bough and twig  
Is laden with its golden berries ripe,  
And from the top in gay festoons they hang,  
Giving a wondrous beauty to the place.

J. V.



OLD SALEM.

NO. I.

A woman who can look back through a large part of the present century, and remember a great many of the distinctive marks of life in Salem in the years preceding 1820, is at least qualified, by right of seniority, to talk about "the good old times." And they were emphatically good old times; times of respectability, of comfort, of honest toil and elegant leisure, of steady thrift, of modest charities. Moderate times they were—knowing little excess, admitting of no extraordinary action, but so pleasant, so genial, so real, that I would fain describe to the young folks of nowadays, the ancestry which gave a certain significance to Salem, the occupations of their industrious, methodical lives, the distinguished characters who made their native town a noted little place, and the numerous oddities who added a flavor, like pickles, to the daily food of life, some fifty years ago.

Where shall I begin? "Begin at the beginning and tell all about it," as the grand-children say to the beloved grandmammas, when they are begging for a story? Well then, so I will, and let me assure you that it will be all true, and even if you think that one half is not worth describing, be certain that it has all been, and all happened in some nook or corner, and to some people in this snug town before it grew up to be a city. I think that somehow my brain must be brimful of small photographs, such vivid little pictures shine out to me when I am sitting alone and thinking, as elderly people do, of the times when there was no brown or black under the sun.—nothing but rose color; when such lovely rainbows came on the drops shed by childish eyes, that a small sorrow only made the joy that came next to it greater by contrast, and although the ministers insisted on preaching about snares and trials, and professors of religion *would* groan about "a Vale," we were firm in the conviction that we should always emerge in triumph from the one, and tread on flowers in our journey through the other. Happy were the little feet that walked in Salem half a century ago—free to wander up and down the shady streets—out in the green lanes and over the rocky pastures—blessed were the young lives so hedged in by watchful love, doubtless in somewhat narrow enclosures, but with small necessity for straying beyond them. And who shall say if the existence apportioned to the elders, so equipoised in every day pleasure and duty, was not held as worthy of acceptance in the judgment Halls above, as the more brilliant and spasmodic work of the present era? The "day of small things" was comparatively guiltless of omission, for every piece of work could be done when there was not too much to do. If there were not then self-sacrificing mortals, ready to devote three-quarters of their working hours to taking charge of all members of the human family who did not belong to their division of it, reserving one quarter for visits, dress, and the suffering households, why, it can be said in extenuation of their short comings, that there were not then so many poor folks or naughty folks in the community, and with some aid and a little scolding they managed to take care of themselves. Dear old Salem! you were lovely and pleasant in a quiet dignity, the men going to town meet-

ings with punctuality amounting to a virtue,—that was their duty,—ranging themselves in front of the Insurance offices on Essex street, from 12 M., to 1 o'clock, P. M., to pass criticisms on the ladies, who, in the abounding beauty of the period flitted up and down before admiring eyes—that was their pleasure. Now and then some uncivil old gentleman, after steadily staring his hour, would insinuate that the pretty girls walked that way "to be seen of men." And what if they did—but they didn't, and if they did they had right on their side—it was not to be expected that they should retreat to the back streets because the Lords of Creation chose to dominate over the main thoroughfare. The busy merchants drove over the turnpike to Boston, as often as their affairs required the journey, or took places in Manning's Stage Coaches, if they preferred to make the pilgrimage with a crowd, rather than in the solitude of their own chaises. The lawyers set people by the ears, or helped them out of their dilemmas, in the dingy offices of Court street; the "Store keepers" were courteous gentlemen behind their counters; the physicians brought skill and science to alleviate the ills to which humanity is subject; and the clergymen did their allotted work in a conscientious spirit of devotion. Women limited themselves mostly to Mrs. Adeline Whitney's mass meetings of two; and let me tell you that two clear headed and warm hearted women are not to be set aside, even by legions. I think that their peculiar mission was the making a sunshine in the shady places of the house. Always on hand, always occupied in the right hours, they could assist in the kitchen, and dust delicately in the parlor, and best of all, they knew how to direct as well as to act. So when the household duties were done they were ready to take their seat by the fire side, with a basket of work on the pretty work table, a book—perhaps the last Scott's novel, perhaps a number of the *Edinboro' Review*—laying in close neighborhood, and I do not believe that there was a pleasanter sight in the world, than a Salem mistress of a family, through the afternoon and evening. The old homes! how many hallowed memories cluster around these words. A home was a home then—a place to be born in, to live in, and to die in, and if fate so ordained, to be married from. And a day was a day then, beginning at six o'clock in a summer morning and at half past seven in winter, and usually ending at ten, at which time the sober household was ready for the night's rest. But as I am not romancing, only describing, I must confess that vast discomforts were borne with stoicism because they were inevitable. All through the long severe winter we were cold, as a matter of course, excepting the side next to the glowing wood fire, and that was scorched; the entrys and sleeping rooms were probably at freezing point; ice in the water pitchers; unmelting frost on the windows. But the roaring fires were built up in the spacious cavities with back log, back stick and fore stick, split wood and cat stick, chips for kindling, and big bellows to blow the flame, and who cared for cold? How many brass andirons are left in the world; how many have been sold for old metal? Gladly would I recover a pair in which a certain round face was subjected to every possible contortion; they were sacrificed on the altar of mammon. If I could but buy them back! In those far off days, punctuality headed



the list of domestic virtues; establishments were not large, two or three at the utmost, constituting the forces. We kept Helps then (sometimes they were hindrances), addicted to occasional sauciness, especially if they were good, and nobody in the parlor would have been bold enough to interfere materially in the woman's rights of the kitchen. Still, genuine yankee help was an admirable institution, and when it was judiciously managed it gave large returns of love and service. The family all met at the breakfast table in winter, at eight o'clock, and very cosy and appetizing was the morning meal. As there were no nerves then, coffee was a licensed drink; as dyspepsia was an unacknowledged sin, hot bread, in shape of bread-cakes (now biscuits), or griddle cakes of flour and rye, or Indian Johnny-cake, smoking from its board; or drop cakes baked on the brick floor of the oven, while the few who did not choose slow poison indulged in spread, or dip toast. Not all this at once—take your choice. Milk and honey flowed for the children, and to this day I never see a bee, without thinking of the grocery store round Buffum's corner, from which the up-town supplies were obtained. Breakfast over, the next duty was to fit ourselves for the outer world. Long tippets, knit mittens, carpet moccasins, woolen overcoats, and wadded hoods for the girls, with a difference for the boys of greased boots, ugly beaver hats, or knit caps shaped like a pudding bag. Then came the fun of sliding in the wide gutters all the way to school (there was a splendid one in front of Miss Becky Cabot's fine old house), or wading through deep snow banks which buried us up to our heads; but only the boys were allowed to drag sleds, and the sole girl of the period who dared do it, was called tom-boy, by way of showing the superior good manners of the numerous critics.

At one o'clock dinner was eaten hind part before, first the pudding, then the meat, and as the children were obliged to be in the school-room again at two, there was no time for dessert, and the fruit was disposed of at odd seasons. At six the pleasant tea, or supper as it was usually called, was spread, and when the "second girl" had cleared the table, a happy group quickly surrounded it, while books, work, games, slate and pencils, with a dish of rosy apples, furnished the occupation of the evening. The light of other days did not shine on distant corners; two handsome plated lamps glimmer in memory until a few years later they were displaced by an Astral. And the winter day of Salem was over. In the next paper I shall speak of the amusements, social pleasures and large parties, and even if my readers find some cause for wonder in the contrast of past and present, I hope they will agree with me that I am telling stories about the good old times.

M. C. D. S.

## PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

EUPHEMIA wears the finest hair,  
And every lock, I know, is golden.  
For eagles oft I'm doomed to spare;  
To keep th' expensive jade from seeking

Euphemia's locks are false as fair!  
They're mine by purchase,—hers by user!  
And when she buys again, I swear,  
'Tis I, not she, shall be the chooser!

## REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

NUMBER ONE.

*The Cruises of the Diomede; from the MS. autobiography of the late David A. Neal.*

COMMUNICATED BY THEODORE A. NEAL.

[PRELIMINARY NOTE. Mr. Neal, at the breaking out of the war of 1812, was nineteen years of age, and had made a voyage to Calcutta as Captain's Clerk, and another to the Mediterranean as Supercargo. Having declined a Lieutenantcy in the United States Engineer Corps, he cast about for a congenial occupation. The sequel may be told in his own words.—T. A. N.]

IN privateering there was something attractive in its adventurousness, its liberty of plan and action, and the comparative freedom from the rigid discipline of national ships. But it was not in every private armed ship, nor under every commander, that I was disposed to enlist. I was urged to take the berth of Master's Mate in the America, the best privateer that was fitted out of Salem; but it was one with the duties of which I was not at all conversant, and I declined it. My friend James W. Chever took it, and by his energy and courage, after two or three cruises, was raised to the command over a large number of his then superior officers and much older men.

It happened about this time that Mr. John Crowninshield, with whom I was quite intimate, had commenced the building of a vessel in New York, purposely for a Privateer. He was curious in regard to vessels, and thought that he could model one which would sail very fast, and had made a contract with Mr. Burrough, a celebrated shipbuilder in New York, for a schooner of about 160 tons. He decided to take command of her himself, and urged me to go out with him, promising, if possible, to land me in France, and give me there the management of any prizes he might be able to send in, for it was his plan to beard the lion in his den, or in other words to make the coast of England his cruising ground. This exactly coincided with my wishes. It seemed to me it would be glorious fun to make prizes in sight of the enemy's towns, or to run away from his channel fleet. Of course I assumed that we could do either. Then I had a great desire to visit Europe, then the scene of the most stirring events. I therefore accepted his proposition, and took the office of Captain's Clerk, as one which brought me into confidential communication with the Commander. Capt. Crowninshield then wished me to go on to New York and attend to the outfit of the vessel, then on the stocks. I went on in November. The hull of the schooner appeared to be well built, and her model somewhat novel, but well calculated for speed. She was, however, too small to make great headway in very rough weather. It was originally intended that she should carry one long gun on a circle forward, and a number of small ones on carriages. When I saw her, I advised decking over the main hatchway, and putting three circles, mounted with twelve or eighteen pounders, between the masts, and leaving out all but four of the small guns. This plan was adopted. She was fitted in the best manner for seventy-five men and a four months cruise. She was called the Diomede, after a vessel which Captain Crowninshield had lost by capture. Her officers were, besides Capt. Crowninshield and myself as Clerk, Samuel Briggs, 1st Lieutenant; Richard Downing, 2d Lieutenant; John Dempsey, 3d Lieutenant; Joseph Preston, Sailing Master; Usher Parsons, Surgeon; Joseph Strout, Samuel Upton, George Lafferty, Obed Hussey, Charles Leach and Thomas Clontman, Prize Masters, and fifty-five men, making sixty-seven persons all told on board. On the 4th of February, 1814, we proceeded to the anchorage at Sandy Hook, and lay there waiting for the absence of British Men-of-War, to give us a chance to get out, till the 9th, when we sailed, and proceeded towards Bermuda.

On the 17th we fell in with a British ten gun brig and outsailed her easily, thus giving us confidence in the sailing qualities of the Diomede. On the 21st, captured British schooner Lord Ponsonby, cargo, rum, sugar, coffee and cocoa. Put on board Charles Leach, as Prize Master, and



ordered her to the United States. Early in the morning of the 23d heard the report of a gun, and stood in the direction from which it came. At daylight saw a fleet of five vessels. In the course of the day captured the whole of them. They proved to be schooners William, Joseph, Mary, and Margaret, and Brig Friends, all with cargoes of rum, sugar, etc., from St. Thomas, bound to Nova Scotia. Manned them out, putting on board Joseph Strout, Samuel Upton, Jr., George Lafferty, Obed Hussey, and Thomas Cloutman, as Prize Masters, and ordered them to the United States. These vessels had parted with their convoy, H. B. M. Brig Charybdis, the day before their capture, and the gun we heard was from one of them that undertook to act as commodore.

We proceeded on our cruise, but of course quite short handed. On the 26th fell in with a seventy-four, but lost sight of her in the night. On the 27th were chased by a frigate, which having the weather gauge of us, and it blowing a gale, gained upon us until we threw overboard our lea six pounders, some provisions, spars, boat, shot, wood, etc., after which we left her. At noon, in a heavy squall, we sprung our mainmast in the partners. Next day nothing in sight; fished the mast, and laid our course for the United States, and on the 8th of March, after just one month's cruise, arrived in Salem. It had been short and successful, but I was disappointed that we had not reached Europe, as originally intended, but I hoped for better luck next time. Our prizes arrived safe in different ports of the United States.

The schooner was refitted and we sailed on her second cruise with pretty much the same officers, on the 26th of April, 1814. This time we steered for the Nova Scotia shore. On the 29th, chased a brig into a port just east of Cape Negro, which is between Cape Sable and Shelburn. Scuttled her. Next day recaptured a Spanish brig detained by an English cruiser. May 3d had an exciting chase by a British seventy-four. We were near the land, the wind directly off shore, and the ship outside of us. We of course could not keep our wind, and must cross her bows, taking the outside of a circle, while she was steering on a straight line. After seven hours chase we brought her into our wake, and then soon left her. She gave us two or three bow guns, but their shot fell short. We supposed her to be the "Victorious" Line of Battle Ship. On the 5th we stood into Sydney harbor, in chase of a brig, till we saw a battery on the shore, when we about ship and stood out, Cape North and the Island of St. Paul's in sight, the land covered with snow. On the 8th we ran into a bay and sent a boat ashore for wood and water, which we obtained. On the 11th, off Miquelon Island and surrounded by fishing boats—stood in among the islands in Placentia Bay, off Cape Chapeau Rouge, and into Great St. Lawrence harbor, but finding that the inhabitants were flying from the village, and not wishing to alarm them, hove round and went out. Cruised about in the fog doing nothing till the 21st, when we captured, after an hour's action, ship Upton, of six guns and fifteen men, with ninety Irish passengers. One man killed and one wounded on board of her. We sustained no injury. In the afternoon took a sealing schooner, and put the passengers and part of the crew of the Upton on board, and released her. Sent the ship, with Henry Jaques as Prize Master, to the United States. 22d, captured ship Mary, with thirty-one hundred barrels of flour and twenty pipes of wine. Put Samuel Upton on board as Prize Master, and ordered her to the United States. Same day was decoyed within musket shot of an English Sloop of War, disguised. He threw shot over us for an hour, without doing us any injury; but we beat him, and finally lost him in the fog. 24th, captured ship Codhook, and sent Obed Hussey in her as Prize Master, to the United States. Also took brig Martha, in ballast, which we gave up. 26th, had an action with a ship, but being short of ammunition, and there being two other vessels in sight, left her and took them, but they were in ballast, and we scuttled them. 27th, captured schooner Traveller, cargo of rum. Put on board William Tucker as Prize Master, and ordered her to the United States. Also took brig Alexander, in

ballast—gave her up. 28th, afternoon, chased by a Brig Sloop of War—smart chop of a sea—she gained on us, but we lost sight of her in the night, after which we lay by. Next morning fell in with her again in a thick fog, close aboard and to windward. Made sail on a wind, in hopes to cross her bows, but she was too near, and the Captain then ordered her to be put before the wind. The brig was pouring her broadsides into us. \* \* \* \* The Captain ordered me to bring up the signal bag ready for throwing it overboard. \* \* \* \* Brought up the signals, put shot in the bag, when the brig being close alongside, I threw them over, and we struck to H. B. M. Brig Rifleman, of sixteen guns, Capt. Pearce. Immediately after the surrender, we were all, except the Surgeon and a few of the men, transferred to the Rifleman. Capt. Crowninshield was invited to mess with the Lieutenants, in the wardroom, and to take with him any one of his officers that he chose, and he chose me. The other officers were accommodated with the Midshipmen, and the men allowed to go free among the crew of the brig. All our personal effects were delivered to us without search, and we were treated by the Captain and officers with great kindness.

After the capture of the Diomedé, the sea being smoother, we found she would beat the Rifleman either before or on the wind. The two vessels proceeded in company to Halifax, where we arrived on the 31st of May, 1814. Our privateer was too small to allow, under the rules, the officers to remain on parole, but an exception was made in favor of Capt. Crowninshield in consideration of the kindness he had shown to the prisoners taken by himself. All the rest of us were sent to Melville Island prison on the 2d of June. Some of us hired a carriage and drove to it, passing through the town; the men were marched there in a body. On the 8th I was twenty-one years of age, and of course passed the day I became legally free, within the walls of a British prison.

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